

Coming to an Agreement by AllGoatsGoToHeaven

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Summary:

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“Henderson?” Billy smiled with teeth. Gave a little glance at Steve’s lips, for just a second. Just enough to make Steve stir. “Is that who you’re really here for?”

“Listen, man. People are staring, let’s just cut the crap.” Steve urged. Stole a quick glance away because Billy was rolling his tongue again. Like he was getting such a kick out of this. “It’s Dustin’s last day in Hawkins before he’s off to camp. Then, he’ll be out of your hair for the rest of summer. So just - Give him this one day, alright.”

“You know...” Billy exhaled, brows pressing. He gave a quick glance around, “I’ve got an idea, actually.”

“Yeah?” Steve’s brow raised. Tossed the towel over one shoulder in favor of bracing his hands on his hips. “And what’s that?”

“Meet me in the locker room after my shift. I’m sure we can,” Billy

pulled on his gum, batted his lashes. "...Come to an agreement."

Coming to an Agreement

Author's Note:

I have so many Harringrove one-shots compiled on my phone
like SO MANY SHORT STORIES that I just haven't gotten around to posting because 99% of them are porn without plot

and there's a part of me that wants to get it 'presentable' and give it SOME story and context before uploading but

WE ALL KNOW THATS NOT GOING TO HAPPEN SO
I'M JUST GONNA START POSTING MY SHAMELESS SMUT ALRIGHT

♡ ♡ ♡

This one is Kind Of a sequel to my previous fic 'Hooking Up With Hargrove'
BUT it can also be read as a standalone. Like I said - ESSENTIALLY PORN WITHOUT PLOT

ENJOY ♡
-SaberGhatz

Summer, 1985
"Coming to an Agreement"

Steve Harrington | Billy Hargrove
One-Shot • Established Relationship

♡ ♡ ♡

"Steve!"

The blare of static startled Steve awake. It was Dustin's voice, crackling through his walkie talkie. Calling his name - *over and over* - like the *world was ending*.

Steve groaned.

His body felt like lead. Temples pulsing, hungover from the night before. He tossed his blanket off his shoulders and rolled over. Then slapped the walkie like an alarm clock.

Unfortunately, that didn't shut Dustin up.

"Steve! Come in, *Steve!* Over."

Steve scrunched his brows, irritated. What the Hell time was it - *Like, 6 AM?*

He carded his fingers through his bedhead. His skin was sticky from the summer heat, mouth raw with sleep. His eyes burned when he opened them. And frankly, he was going to lose what's left of his mind if Dustin kept blowing up his walkie.

"Steve!" Dustin's voice was frantic, causing the walkie to scratch again. "Steve, come in! Over!"

Steve groaned. He took a bear-swipe at the walkie and grabbed it off his nightstand. He put it up to his mouth. "The Hell do you want,

dickhead?”

“...Over,” Dustin said.

“*What?*” Steve huffed.

“You forgot to say, over. Over.”

Steve threw his arms out with an exasperated, “*Oh my god.*” He gripped the walkie tighter, “This better be important. It’s too early for this crap, you hear me?”

“Early?” Dustin’s voice garbled over the walkie, “Steve, It’s 2 PM! Over.”

“2 PM?” Steve echoed. He rubbed his temple. He looked over at his clock and confirmed that, yes, it really was 2 PM. *Jesus.* Well in his defense, he and Billy *were* out late last night and -

Billy.

Over the Walkie, Steve could heard other voices. The other kids were there, arguing amongst themselves. In the background, he heard gleeful screaming. Then... *A splash.*

A splash?

...

Shit.

The other night, Steve had made a promise to Billy. Told him the guy he'd meet him at Hawkins Pool by 1:30 today, and -

"It's about Billy." Dustin said.

Steve sat up. "What happened?"

"The shithead banned me from the pool. For *the whole summer*, Steve."

"He what?.." Steve pinched the bridge of his nose. It was too early for this shit.

"It's total bullshit! I didn't even get to swim before he blew the whistle on us and threw me out!"

"The 'ell Happened?" Steve rubbed his eyes groggily.

"So Mike was putting on some sunscreen - told him not to - I said he needs some sun anyways, but no - *Hold on - Yes I did, Mike!*"

Steve blinked.

“And then he spilled some of the sunscreen on the concrete!” Dustin exclaimed, “Hargrove blew the whistle and told us it was a slipping hazard. Then the asshole kicked us out for running! *Shit!* Hang on, Steve.”

The walkie scratched, and Steve could hear Dustin yelling through the noise, “*Shut up, Mike! I’m talking to him right now!*”

“He told you - *Wait, what?*” Steve squinted to protect his throbbing eyes from the sunlight that filtered through his blinds.

“And then I told Billy that he can’t tell me what to do, that I’d been swimming here since before he was *born*. And that pissed him off *more*, so...”

Dustin kept *talking*, and Steve nodded along. Frankly his brain had short circuited halfway through this conversation. Dustin was probably just exaggerating to get him out of bed. “Get to the point.” He muttered.

“...We need you to come talk to him.”

“Oh, yeah, *that’s a no.*” Steve said. He rested his hand on the walkie’s antennae. “You guys can bike home, alright. Over and ou-“

“Hang on! *Steve!*” Dustin urged. “We really need you. *I need you.*”

Steve shook his head. Closed his eyes. He couldn’t believe he’d slept through his little *date* with Billy.

And no way was Billy going to let him get off easy.

“You can reason with him.” Dustin said.

“Reason?” Steve scoffed. “With Billy?”

“*Yeah.*” Dustin’s voice cracked in a matter-of-fact tone, like it was the most obvious thing. “You can do it.”

Steve bit back a laugh. But appreciated the sentiment.

And yeah. Of course Steve *wanted* to see Billy. But, preferably, under different circumstances. Away from the prying eyes of *the party* and a *very crowded* Hawkins Pool.

He’d *prefer* to avoid a public *interrogation*.

“So you’ll come talk to him?” Dustin urged.

Unfortunately, a public interrogation is exactly what Billy wanted. He gets off on that shit.

“Listen, dude...” Steve said, “Why don’t you guys just come over to my pool tonight. It’s nice and quiet, no *lifeguards*-“

“Be-*cause*, Steve. I leave for camp tomorrow. Remember? Meaning, this is my last afternoon in town. You really want me to spend it out here getting heatstroke?”

Steve sighed. He still wasn’t sure if Dustin was exaggerating or not. But knowing Billy... Well, yeah, a whole summertime ban could plausibly come out of his mouth.

“*Heatstroke.*” Dustin repeated.

Steve closed his eyes. “Alright. *Fine.* I’ll be there in fifteen. Over and *out.*”

♡ ♡ ♡

The Hawkins Pool was a madhouse.

It was packed to the brim. Every lounge chair was taken, and the ones that weren’t had towels thrown over them. Middle-aged women were applying sunscreen to each other’s backs, chicks were laying out by the poolside. Most of them, gathered in groups. They’d duck

together all *hush - hush*, then *giggle* and glance over their shoulders. Twirl their hair.

All Steve had to do was follow their gaze. And there he was.

Billy Hargrove, perched all high and mighty in his lifeguard chair. Lounging in it like a throne. Knees spread, elbows propped with purpose. Wearing *shades*, fixated on the bustling pool activity. A whistle pirouetted between his fingers. A king ruling his kingdom.

He was shirtless, as per usual. Skin shimmering, *sweaty* in the heavy Hawkins heat. His hair was freshly permed, curled in tight messy ringlets that fell over his shoulders. He didn't even budge as Steve approached.

"Hey, amigo." Steve called. He *winc*ed as soon as the words left his mouth.

Billy lolled his head, just enough for Steve to know he heard him. "Look who showed up," he rolled the whistle between his index and thumb, "*Amigo*."

"I heard the news." Steve crossed his arms. "Wanna tell me why you banned Dustin?"

Billy's lips pulled at the corners. "Relax. I only banned the kid cause I knew he'd come crying for his *mother*."

His smile grew teeth, and he licked his bastard lips.

Steve swallowed. His heart started to hammer. Blamed his *flush* on the summer heat. "C'mon, douchebag. I'm just here to make sure there's not any trouble."

Slow and eager, like a cat stalking its prey, Billy slipped down from his pedestal.

The way he moved - It was hypnotizing and *demanding*. Steve certainly didn't miss the way his shorts rode, rolling up his strong thighs. Glistening with sweat. Heads turned when his feet clapped the pavement. Chicks fixed their hair, adjusted their bikini tops.

But Billy didn't look their way. Just prowled closer. Got all up in Steve's bubble, then took off his shades idly. Bored.

"*Where were you?*" He drawled. Cocked his head to the side, like he couldn't *wait* for Steve's excuse.

"Slept in." Steve replied, "I got today off work, remember?"

"Yeah." Billy said, only for Steve's ears. "But... Now, *correct me if I'm wrong*, but - *I was supposed to... get off at 1:30 today.*" Billy's piercing gaze fixated on him, "*Remember?*"

"I'm sorry, man. Seriously." Steve said. He wrapped his big beach towel around his shoulders. Gave a shrug. "I guess last night knocked me out cold."

Billy laughed without humor. Smacked his gum. "*Lightweight.*"

"So, what's it gonna take to lift the ban on Henderson?"

"*Henderson?*" Billy smiled with teeth. Gave a little glance at Steve's lips, for just a *second*. Just enough to make Steve *stir*. "Is that who you're *really* here for?"

"Listen, man. People are staring, let's just cut the crap." Steve said. Stole a quick glance *away* because Billy was rolling his tongue again. Like he was getting such a *kick* out of this. "It's Dustin's last day in Hawkins before he's off to camp. Then, he'll be out of your hair for the rest of summer. So just - Give him this one day, alright."

"You know..." Billy exhaled, brows pressing. He gave a quick glance around, "I've got an idea, actually."

"Yeah?" Steve's brow raised. Tossed the towel over one shoulder in favor of bracing his hands on his hips. "And what's that?"

"Meet me in the locker room after my shift. I'm sure we can," Billy pulled on his gum, batted his lashes. "...*Come* to an agreement." He took a step closer. Leaned in so close that Steve could smell peppermint on his breath. "How's that sound?"

“The locker room, huh?” Steve pursed his lips. Stood his ground.

“Changing rooms are... Typically pretty private. Really loud, too. *No one will even know we’re in there.*” Billy took an impossible step *closer*. Got all up in Steve’s face. Smiled with *teeth*. “Whad’ya say?” He purred. Batted his lashes.

Steve sighed. The place was packed today. Sure, he and Billy have messed around in the locker rooms before, but. it's always been *after hours*. Never with so many people around.

“Tempting.” Steve rolled his tongue around in thought, “Yeah, very tempting. But I’ve got another idea.” Steve swiped the towel off his shoulder. “First, lift the ban on Dustin. Then-“ Steve leaned in, like he was spilling a secret, “Tonight.”

Billy’s head cocked, unblinking.

“We can... hang out at my place.” Steve reached out his hand, like he was going to stroke Billy’s arm - Then thought the better of it, resting it back on his hip. “I’ve got a pool and... You know. You can show me some of your strokes, or whatever.”

Billy’s smile grew teeth, “*Harrington!...*” He praised. “Didn’t think a *prestige swimmer* like yourself *needed* private lessons.”

"My parents are gone for the weekend. So, you know." Steve shrugged, deadpan. "We'd have the place to ourselves."

Billy pulled at his gum.

Steve swallowed the saliva that had gathered in his jaws. Worked up, just from Hargrove breaking his bubble. Anticipation made his body flush, insides twist. But aware. Aware of all of the eyes on them. He had to be subtle. So Steve stayed casual. Palms sweating on his hips.

"So are you in, or... Are you out?"

"Oh, *I'm in.*" Billy affirmed. "And I'll lift the ban."

Steve breathed. "That's grea--"

"If," Billy held up his finger, loomed a little closer. Glanced at Steve's lips one or two *dangerous* times. "*You. Agree to my terms too...*"

Steve wet his lips. Heart *racing*.

Billy smiled. "Locker room. After my shift. I'm sure you know where to meet me by now."

Steve slung the towel back over his shoulders, giving Billy a

challenging stare.

“Then,” Billy winked, “I’ll teach you *whatever the Hell you want* at your place tonight.”

Steve looked up, scanned their surroundings. “I don’t know, man.” He gnawed his lip, “This place is pretty crowded today.”

Billy’s gaze widened. “What, you’re scared we’ll get *caught*?”

Steve shrugged. Smiled, and gestured around.

“*King Steve...*” Billy teased. Gave him a big smile, maybe even a little *amused*. He was cute, sometimes. Steve’s heart *jolted*.

“But listen, I’m not opposed to...” Steve screwed up his nose, shrugged again, “*a shower stall?..*”

Billy gave Steve an open-mouthed smile, “Not afraid to get a little wet?”

“Why bring this towel if I won’t need it?” Steve smiled, waving the thing around.

Billy smacked his gum, jaw loose and lewd in the way he rolled it

about his mouth. He blinked at Steve with a menacing little *grin*. “Oh, I’ve got a feeling you’ll need it.”

Steve nodded. “So - Deal?”

Steve heard Billy *exhale*. His pupils were so *small* in the direct sunlight. Looked manic with glee. His gaze swept across Steve’s face, holding a beat on his flushed lips. “*Deal*.”

He spun around and blew the whistle, loud enough to make Steve’s ears ring.

“*Hey! Dunderson!*”

Billy’s smooth tone had become something loud and shrill - *Commanding*.

The entire poolside fell silent. Every head swiveled Billy’s way.

“You and your fink friends are off the hook. But I have to warn you *again*, and you’re banned for *life*. You hear me, Dunderson?”

From across the poolside, Dustin held up two middle fingers.

Steve grimaced. Hastily shook his head behind Billy’s back.

Billy's nose scrunched. *Mutinous*. Let their eye contact linger, bringing the whistle up slowly. "*Don't let it happen* again."

Billy blew the whistle. And a beat later, the chorus of gleeful hollers filled the poolside once again.

Billy turned. "Oh, and Harrington?"

Steve looked at him.

Billy dipped closer, "Tell your *duckling* to watch the shitty attitude."

And then he shoved Steve so hard, it sent Steve reeling - Tumbling and tripping backwards.

Caught so *off guard* that he stumbled head over heels, fell right into the pool.

He hit the water with a rushing shock of adrenaline. Bubbles rushed around. Limbs flailing, water surged right up Steve's nose. And amidst his panic, he could have sworn he heard Billy's gleeful cackle from the above.

When Steve gasped to the surface, Billy was already padding away. "What the Hell, man!" Steve shouted after him.

“I’ve told you to plant your feet.” He called over his shoulder. Loud enough for anyone to hear, back to his typical bravado. A couple girls giggled after him. Leaning in and whispering amongst themselves while Billy patrolled by, unfazed.

Steve rolled his eyes. Plant your feet. Was that their go-to *thing* now?

People were fucking staring now, so Steve ducked under the water. Popped back up to slick his hair back and scowled at Billy as he walked away - Scowled all the way down to his tight swim trunks. Watched the fabric fold and *stretch* along strong thighs - taut curves. Steve exhaled, slowly, running fingers through his wet mop of hair. Glanced over at the clock.

Fifteen minutes until Billy’s break.

Warmth gathered in Steve’s cheeks, tightened beneath his navel. And on second thought, maybe he’ll stay in the pool for a minute longer.

“Steve!”

God dammit.

“You did it!” Dustin shouted.

Steve couldn't even shout his protest before water flew up his nose again. He was dunked so fast, he barely knew what hit him. Steve gasped to the surface and found himself surrounded by three kids from the party, all splashing him with excitement.. "Hey - *Hey*, take it easy, guys!"

"*We saw the whole thing!*" Will piped up, excitedly.

"That Billy's a real douchewad." Dustin shouted.

"*Douchewad?*" Lucas added, "More like *asshole of the century*. Did you *hear* him?"

"He called me *Dunderson*. Dunderson!" Dustin threw his arms out. "I swear, next time, I'll show him."

"Whoa, hey-"

"Hey, isn't it cool we get to swim now-" Will chimed.

"Piece of shit." Dustin threw his arms out. "He's a piece of shit. Steve, are you okay?"

"Hey, relax guys. Relax." Steve held his arms out, and they all turned towards him. "I'm fine. Hargrove's not even that bad, alright?"

Dustin's jaw dropped. "Uh. *Earth-to-Steve*. He just shoved you in the pool!"

"You just did the same thing, shithead!" Steve laughed.

"My dunk was with *love*, Steve. Love." Dustin said, quite dramatically. "There's a *difference*."

Steve laughed, "*Right*."

Dustin gave Steve a big, cheesy smile. "How'd you do it anyways?"

"Yeah, what happened?" Lucas interjected.

"What?" Steve's heart leapt, "Do what?"

"Get that asshole to lift my ban!" Dustin exclaimed, "He's *never* lifted a ban before. *Ever*."

Steve took a second to mull that one over. *Ever?*

"We... *Made a deal*." Steve shrugged.

“Which iiiissss?....” Dustin prodded.



Billy shoved Steve into the nearest shower stall. Whipped the curtain closed behind them.

Their lips met with an urgency, sloppy and eager. Billy grabbed Steve’s jaw, *twisted*, kissed him sideways. *Starving*.

And Steve had to back up to stabilize himself. Make sure his legs didn’t give way, because - wow. So he let Billy body-slam him into the wall, *groaning* when the ice cold tile touched his skin.

Billy pulled away with a loud pop, “Quiet.”

Kissed him again.

Steve’s back arched off the chilled tile, pressed right against Billy’s broad body. Warm. He melted into the heat, lapped along Billy’s lip.

And then Steve’s fingers were tangling in Billy’s hair. Combing his fingers through the side, gliding along his scalp. Billy exhaled a gruff moan into Steve’s mouth. Made Steve feel like he was going to *cream* his shorts when their bodies flushed.

Billy was already sticky with sweat, skin warm from baking in the summer heat. Smelled like sweat and chlorine. Hints of coconut oil and Marlboro reds.

Billy grabbed Steve's hips, spun him around like a rag-doll. Unchained behind closed doors. Steve had to slam his palms on the wall before the tile hit his face first. He readjusted his hair, breath *heavy*. Glanced over his shoulder with just enough time to see Billy closing in on him. He planted his palms on Steve's waist, his back, bent him over. And Steve exhaled. Thoroughly flushed. Couldn't process anything but Billy's body heat, the warmth of his breath on his neck. Ravenous and heavy.

Steve sighed. Moaned, a little, when Billy rubbed his hard-on right between the crease of his swim-shorts. Thrusted along the fabric. Cruel and a terrible tease, leaving Steve gaping. Grimacing and *gasping*. So hard just from their make-out, that Steve was leaking all over in his swim trunks.

Billy grabbed his chin. Rutted along Steve's shorts, *shameless* and rough. "*Like that?*"

Steve screwed up his brows. Started panting.

"Huh, King Steve?" Billy *spat* in his ear. "This what you came here for?"

Steve grunted. Nodded. Cause, *Christ. Yeah*. He doesn't have the energy to be cheeky, or play Billy's games - not today. Just -

When Billy pulled back, Steve practically fucking wheezed.

“Get on your knees.”

Dizzy with heat, Steve dropped to the ground, dragging Billy’s shorts down with him. Felt the snag, then the slap of Billy’s cock hitting his stomach.

And as Steve grabbed his thighs, Billy idly leaned over. A creak, and the shower roared to life.

Okay whoa, there - *Pause*.

Pause right there.

So.

Of course Steve had lied to Dustin about his *deal* with Billy.

Steve told the kid that he’d given Billy a summertime’s worth of free ice cream to lift a summertime ban, or something. Something that the kids would be jealous of, and something that seemed believable *enough* to satiate the *monstrous Billy Hargrove*.

He certainly didn't tell The Party the real reason why he agreed to show up at Hawkins Pool to *begin* with. Never told them about he and Billy's - thing. Didn't tell them about the *arranged* agreement. An agreement that now had Steve on his knees. With his lips - *stretching* around the head of Billy's cock in the public showers of Hawkins' Pool.

So there he was.

Sucking off precum. Wrapped his lips around the tip and then -

- Billy *rocked* his hips forth, open-mouthed gape of *relief* while he slid down Steve's throat. And Steve made something of a strangled noise, gaze widening when Billy pulled back and thrust again.

Billy tangled and tightened his fingers through Steve's layered mop, made it clear he had no intention of letting go. And Steve hummed, *chased* the sensation. Grabbed Billy's thighs, took him *deep*.

Billy grunted. Noise masked by the spray of the shower, but *hardly*. "Jeeesus..." He hummed. "Taught you well."

Billy's tongue slipped over his lower lip. Goosebumps prickled his skin. Steve's mouth was *scalding*. Felt like *heaven*.

The *ex-keg king* was pretty *good* at this, Billy had quickly discovered. Could take him deep. Swallow anything.

So with his hand braced on the tile, Billy starts lose himself. Begins slow, rocking a little deeper each time. And he watches, smiles down at the way his cock plunges into Steve's mouth. Watches the way Harrington's eyes water. How he *gags* a little, whole body convulsing, whenever Billy thrusts too deep.

And Steve watches back. Through wet eyes, big and brown. Scrunched brows. Water's streaming down their skin, but Billy knows he's *drooling*. Saliva rolling down his chin, dripping on the floor below. Billy thrusts, and Steve gags again. Sees Billy grin through his bleary eyes. Loves it.

Billy rolls his head back. It sends a tingle up Billy's spine. It's like Harrington was born for this. Billy feels him exhale, so *warm*, suck again. Eyes so big and *beautiful* -

"Christ, Bambi," Billy rumbled. "*Fuck.*"

And then Steve rushes his pale fingers up Billy's obliques. Grabs him right at the hips. Squeezes. And Billy gets ravenous.

He grimaces, fucks a little harder. Grabs Steve's pretty hair and pulls when he thrusts. It takes Steve off guard. He accidentally uses a little bit of teeth, just a rub, and damn is that *good*.

Makes Billy chuckle against the pain, thrust harder - Wants *more*.

And Steve is sucking *tighter* now. Rubs Billy's obliques, right where he's sensitive - and *fuck* -

Billy hums, heavy pleasure making him feel so high. Makes his eyes roll back, because *okay*. Billy has gotten his fair share of head. But Harrington is the only one who can make him feel *this way*. Nothing can compare to *Steve*.

He was clumsy and disheveled. Still learning, but eager. Eager to please. And he's making all kinds of pretty sounds now. Digging his nails in Billy's hips. Moaning and humming, faltering, but not even *slowing down*.

Billy scrunches his nose. Thrusts *deep*, and Harrington gags again. His mouth is so *warm*, Billy starts panting. Husky and low, and finding nirvana in Steve's scalding mouth. His tongue, straining beneath Billy's cock, his lips so red- And Steve groans again, so broken down, so *relentless*.

He's fucking Steve hard, hard enough that Steve's stroking Billy off at the base so he doesn't *choke again*. And pressure starts twisting in his belly. He yanks Steve's hair, thrusts so *rough* that Steve's blunt nails dig into his hips.

"Steve-" Billy whispered. And he felt the building pleasure start to coil, twist. Bit his tongue and sped up. Would have came right down Steve's throat if the guy hadn't just *pulled away*.

Steve whipped back, gasping, *gorgeous*. "Shit," he breathed. "Christ." His hair was strewn in all directions, eyes streaming. And his lips -

Jesus. Red and shiny. *Drooling*. Billy caught himself smiling, just looking at him. And his heart *lurched* when Steve caught his eye.

“You okay?” Billy asked, smug. Not entirely *concerned*.

Steve nodded, pressing a tongue to the inside of his cheek. He was wiping his chin when Billy thrust his hand out.

Steve took it, but Billy leaned down first. “How about we give those lips a break, mmh?”

Steve exhaled, thoroughly flushed. Then he launched to his feet, just quick enough to catch Billy off guard.

Steve gave him a push, and Billy busted up laughing when his back hit the wall. Relished in the sensation of Steve pinning him to the tile. Rocking him in, kissing his neck, pinning him *down*. And Billy was still grinding out shrill laughter. Head tossed back, nails digging up Steve’s back.

“Jesus, man, be quiet!” Steve urged through his teeth. Pressed Billy to the wall, kissed his lips instead. And Billy melted into it, pressing back with some sort of mania. Licked into Steve’s mouth like he was trying to *taste himself* on Steve’s tongue.

Calloused hands grabbed Steve’s waist. Scooped him close, pressed their bodies together.

And they paused for a beat.

Just enough to catch a breath. But not enough to think about what the hell they were doing. Not enough time to come down from their high.

Just enough time for Billy to lower his chin, wearing that disgusting wolfish grin. “You didn’t finish me off.” He watched Harrington through gorgeous thick lashes and a cloudy gaze. Unblinking, “Trying to tell me something, princess?”

And then Billy kissed him again, kissed him so *deep* that he felt Steve’s cock jump, straining against his tight swim trunks.

Billy slid his thumbs down the back of Steve’s waistband. Slowly, but not at all gentle. Tugged then down when Steve nodded. Pulled them down his thighs, and Steve took liberty in kicking them down his knees, off his feet.

Billy rocked him in. Groped Steve’s ass, spread his cheeks apart and let his fingers slide over his hole.

Steve hummed. Fluttered his eyes shut.

“Think you are.” Billy pressed.

The shower's steam had warmed their skin - arousal making them lightheaded and ravenous. Billy took a breath. Gazed down at Steve's cock, because - it was impossible *not to*.

The guy was hung. It was ridiculous. And don't get it wrong - Billy was pretty well off too. But it's obvious why this guy's *King Steve* title had stuck around for so long.

Flushed and beautiful, broad base blossoming into thick hair. Billy followed the trail up Steve's navel, where more hair spread along the center of his chest, up his collarbones. And when their gaze met, Billy gave him a tight-lipped smile. Dangerous.

In the privacy of his bedroom, Billy just might roll over for him. But this wasn't Harrington's house. Wasn't his Beemer. And Billy was still high on adrenaline that guarding gave him. Riled up. Just wanted to fuck.

So he slapped Steve's ass. Wrestled him over, panting in the crook of his neck. Water showered down between them, and a haze of steam rose from the tile below. The heat turned their bodies lazy, heavy.

He mouthed at the nape of Steve's neck. Hard. Bites that had Steve arcing back into Billy's touch, pain turning to pleasure when Billy's palm curled around Steve's cock and *pumped*.

"Ohh, *yeah*-" Steve droned, "*H-Oh, God*-"

Billy bit his own tongue. Stroked with tight, messy slaps. Ground against Steve's thigh until Steve was humming. Needing more. Steve hung his head. Glanced over his shoulder when Billy stopped.

Billy had stepped out of the spray, was reaching for his shorts.

So Steve craned his neck around to see what Billy was up to. Watched him pull out a little bottle of lube from his pocket, then tossed his shorts aside again. Popped the bottle open, then squirted a generous amount in his palm.

Steve's cock twitched at the mere sight. He looked at Billy, whose lips were parted in apprehension -

"Came prepared, huh?" Steve snarked. Watched Billy spread the lube over his cock, all the way down to his base. Steve swallowed.

"Knew you'd show."

Then Billy caught his eye. And there was something feral behind that lazy gaze. He smiled. A smile that was reserved for Steve, broad and wicked. The promise of a good time.

"Asshole." Steve smiled. "You just keep that shit handy or what?"

Then Steve was getting pressed against the wall again. Palms flat on the tile, breath audible. Because Hargrove's lips were on the back of

his neck. Teeth skimming the delicate skin. Threatening to bite.

“What? You rather use *conditioner again*, Harrington?” He hummed.
“You want a repeat of *that* brilliant idea?”

Steve grimaced. “No.”

“That’s what I thought.” He rumbled. Right up against Steve’s ear. Then he continued, a little *louder*, “Now show me that *pussy*, Princess.”

Goosebumps spread through Steve’s body when Billy rocked him in, grabbed his cheek. Thumbed over his hole and *hummed*.

Steve exhaled. Pressed into Billy’s touch.

And then a whole new wave of voices *snapped up* their attention. Voices, just a room away. The locker room door slammed, then opened again. And more voices poured in.

And yeah, the locker room wasn't exactly *empty* before. The Hawkins Community Pool was always bustling in the afternoon. But these voices were *close* - It made Steve sweat.

But it didn’t slow Billy down.

He grabbed Steve by the hair, jerked his head to the side. “*Don’t... Make a sound...*”

Steve could feel Billy’s hot breath on his ear. Firm grip on his hip, guiding him in.

“You hear me?”

Steve nodded.

And he couldn’t believe he was doing this. He couldn’t believe he was letting Billy fuck him in the community pool’s *shower stall* until he felt the warm head of Billy’s cock rub against him. *Push* right in.

Steve bit his lip. Brows screwed tight, trying to stay quiet. But - *Christ* - Billy was gathering Steve by the waist now, pushing deeper. *Groaning* in his ear.

Not properly prepped, Billy felt *huge*. Blunt *stretch* making Steve grit his teeth, let out a little whimper that the shower spray drowned out. Sure, it wasn’t Steve’s first rodeo. But doing this in a public shower felt - *Different*. A little dangerous.

A little *exciting*.

He hadn’t really done anything *this* risky since sophomore year - When he’d fucked Kate Denson behind the shed at her house party.

And that - that was *thrilling* - but *that*?

“Jesus-“ Steve breathed. Jaw dropping, voice hitching. “H-Ohh, Shit-“

That was *nothing* compared to Billy.

Billy’s hand slapped over Steve’s mouth, ground his cheek into the wall. “*The Hell did I tell you?*”

Steve groaned beneath Billy’s palm. Billy spread him so *rough*, so *much* all at once that Steve’s cock *leaked* at the intrusion. And when Steve thought he couldn’t possibly take anymore, Billy made *room*.

Billy grabbed Steve’s waist, lashes fluttering. Steve was so fucking tight, so goddamn *warm*. He grunted. Leaned back and pulled out a little, then sunk back inside, nice and slow. Loved to *watch Steve take it*.

Steve gaped when Billy bottomed out, curling his palm around Steve’s cock as he did so. And Steve exhaled a silent sigh he didn’t know he was holding.

Billy laughed under his breath. Eased out, then hilted him with a firm smack to his ass. Letting out a trill of laughter - triumphant - right in Steve’s ear.

"I'm," Billy drawled, bending Steve over, "gonna fuck the *shit* out of this pretty *pussy* of yours."

Steve exhaled. Felt the heat reach his neck, blossom over his shoulders. And he was frustrated. Frustrated that Billy's words went straight to his dick. Made him *ache for it*.

Billy moved, slow. Pulled out, and filled Steve again. Warming him up. So, painfully, slow. "Gonna send you *back out there drippin' cum*."

Billy smacked Steve's ass, loud. And Steve's eyes widened. His cock gave a kick, right in Billy's palm.

"Like the sound of that?" Billy rumbled.

Steve felt lightheaded. Didn't answer - *couldn't*. There were people outside the door, and -

Billy's nose scrunched. He lashed out, and Steve's eyes widened when he grabbed his jaw.

"Huh, *princess*?..." Billy's cheeks dimpled.

Steve was breathless and horny, and fired the fuck up now, because - *Jesus* - Billy Hargrove was anything but easy. He could *feel* Billy's gaze. Burrowing into the back of his head.

Steve looked over his shoulder, panting. *Glaring*. On a whim, he reached around and yanked Billy by the hair.

And Billy grunted. His anger flashed just for a fleeting second - until he locked eyes with Steve. Watched Steve blink his pretty prissy lashes. Tongue peeking over his lips, just for a second. Like he was going to throw a punch or something. Contemplating it.

And Billy wished Steve would've started throwing punches. Because punches, Billy could recover from. With punches, Billy could fight back.

But when Steve pulled him close, mumbled, "You gonna shut up and do it, then?" Right against Billy's cheek - Well, it was game over.

Steve smirked.

And Billy stared.

He looked starstruck, really. Took a second to regain his *footing*.

Then he grew a wicked smile, ran his tongue over his teeth. And he laughed. Jesus Christ - he fucking laughed with *glee*.

"*King Steve*." Billy rumbled, "Yes, *sire*."

Then Billy slammed him up against the tile.

Steve's groan was muffled by Billy's palm, cupping over his mouth. Steve could feel him everywhere. Pressing up so tightly, caging him in the corner of the stall. And Steve melted against the wall, gaping when Billy *hilted* him.

And Billy's fingers spread. He stuck the middle two in Steve's mouth, pressing down on his tongue. Made Steve suck on them. Started *thrusting*, slow but eager, *harder* while he plunged his fingers deep.

Billy *grunted*. Thrusting so deep, that their thighs slapped. And Steve's cock throbbed at the sound, at the sensation.

Pinned up so tight, Steve couldn't even touch himself. Billy held Steve by the hips, by the hair, grinding him against the wall. Pounding him out.

And Steve was in Heaven.

Gone limp with *heat* and pressure, smearing his cheek down the tile. The *disgusting, public shower* tile, while he *drooled* around Billy's broad fingers. The pressure of Billy inside of him made him reel. So much - so *full* -

He could feel Billy's breath hot on his neck. Hear him panting. Feel his presence looming. Addicted to the warmth that radiated from his body, and the steam that brewed around them.

Painfully aroused, Steve grimaced and panted, feeling strangled in pleasure. Grunting and sighing around Billy's wet fingers. Shuddering in the heat. Opened his mouth wider, rutted back when Billy thrust.

And then they heard more voices. Noises, shuffling around the locker room. Getting louder, *louder*. Footsteps, padding closer. Steve looked over his shoulder, eyes wide.

The voices were coming in from the next room over. Sounded close enough to make Steve's heart race. And Billy didn't even slow down. In fact, Steve thinks he started grunting on *purpose*.

Then footsteps.

"Billy?" *Some guy* called from right outside their shower curtain. "Is that you in there?"

Steve held his breath.

"Yeah, I'm a little bit busy in here Collin." Billy dismissed. Cupped his palm over Steve's mouth and emphasized his words with some tastelessly loud thrusts. Steve stated *dead silent*, started to *sweat*.

“Riiight on.” Collin laughed. “Hey, man, so - *uh* - Freddy told me to come to you whenever there’s a problem- So, like, there’s some kids outside looking for that douchebag, Steve Harrington. You seen him anywhere?”

Billy exhaled against Steve’s neck. Kept *fucking him*, nice and loud, like he wanted Collin to know exactly how *occupied* this stall was.

Steve grimaced. Miraculously silent. Tensing, because of *course* Billy had just rubbed his prostate. And *fuck* -

“You like that, baby?” Billy *crooned*. Cupped his palm over Steve’s mouth, tighter. Thrusted *hard*. Steve’s eyes widened. Jesus -

Baby?

“*Billy?*” Collin asked again.

Billy barked a laugh. “*I’m sorry*. Are you still out there?”

“I’m-“

“*Collin*.” Billy’s voice cut like a knife. “Let me make this clear. *I don’t give a shit* if some kids lost their *babysitter*,” Billy’s words were laced with *venom*. Slow and *menacing*. “You mention *Harrington* to me again, and I’ll shank you six ways from Sunday. Are we clear?”

“I just- wait, *babysitter?*”

“*I said*, are we *clear!*” Billy insisted.

“Yeah-“ Collin said, “Yeah, man, sorry- I didn’t-“

“*Check around the back.*” Billy barked, voice echoing off the walls, “Saw him go out there for a smoke before my break.”

“Thanks, man. Uh - See ya around!” Collin retreated, hastily. Like he wasn’t sure if Billy was going to bust out of the stall and wring his neck or not.

Retreating footsteps. Then Steve let out a relieved sigh. He looked over his shoulder, eyes blown wide. And Billy got right up next to his ear, chuckle vibrating against Steve’s neck.

“That was a *close one*, huh?”

Steve *glared*. Flush soft lips, all scrunched together like his brows. He hissed a response, quiet and urgent, “Yeah, *real close, asshole*. You know what would happen if-“

Then Billy took Steve’s cock in his hand. And Steve’s eyes widened. He gaped, lids fluttering when Billy started squeezing, *stroking*.

“Okay, yeah..”

And Billy really had the indecency to laugh. Like he got off on the thrill, loved to dance with danger. Stroked harder.

“Where were we..” Billy purred, right in his ear.

Steve exhaled slowly. Gritted his teeth, relief rushing through him. He eyes squeezed shut, lips flushed and red. He rutted back against Billy with a new urgency, pleasure *building* rapidly in his belly.

And Billy fucked up into Steve graciously, lavishing in the feeling of Steve twitching and tensing all around him. Of King Steve being entirely at his mercy. And Billy rutted him into the corner of the shower, so tight, that they shared the same air.

“H-ah-“ Steve fucked Billy’s palm, keening back while Billy thrustled inside. “*Fuck-*”

They were so worked up. Trying so hard to remain discreet. Well - Steve was trying, at least.

He arched his back, grinding into Billy’s palm so eagerly that Billy’s open-mouthed grin grew wider. Billy watched him. Soaked it all in. The bounce of his hair, the tremble of his lips. Lashes fluttering, brows screwing with such harsh pleasure.

Billy fucked up into Steve *rough*, so tight. So hard that their wet bodies kept smacking with *friction*.

Then he grabbed Steve's hair. *Yanked*. Fucked Steve like an animal. Real primal and *mean*. And he stared at Steve through heavy lids, soaking it all in. *Obsessed* with him.

And Steve gaped, gasping and grunting masked by the water cascading all around them.

So Billy grabbed his jaw, then leaned in close. Wanted to *hear* Steve fall apart. Feel the vibrations in his throat. His rhythm faltered, just for a second. Because Steve's little sounds drove him *wild*, made his belly tense. Made that warmth gather beneath Billy's navel and - *fuck* -

Arousal pulsed in Steve's ears. Bloomed in his belly. So hot, so fucking *close*. Kept holding on - just a little *longer*.

Steve's palms were flat on the tile walls. He gasped, hair tousling all over while he found his own rhythm. And Billy groaned. Started panting like a lion, right in Steve's ear.

He stroked Steve off harder, and Steve knew by the way he tensed — *snarled* - that Billy was reaching his limits. Trying *so hard* to make Steve come first. Was *prideful* about lasting longer and all, so -

Steve gave an open-mouthed smile, “That feel good?” He hummed. Tender, and such a *cheeky* little tease. Steve looked over his shoulder, acted like he was telling a secret. “You gonna *cum inside me*, Billy?”

“Fuck, Harrington.” Billy mumbled against his neck. He gave a series of particularly strained thrusts.

“C’mom,” Steve could feel his heart racing. Broke into a sweat. “*Mmh-*.”

Billy slapped a palm over Steve’s babbling mouth, so hard that Steve gasped. *Moaned*, stifled a *sigh* when Billy readjusted to hit that *spot again*.

“Thought I told you to keep your pretty mouth *shut*.” Billy snapped.

And he removed his hand, his fingers trailed down Steve’s jaw. Skimmed his throat, a warning.

His breath was heavy. *Snarling*, *right* in Steve’s ear. He was thrusting so hard, so fast. With *intent*.

Steve clawed the tile with blunt nails, gritting his teeth. Slacking his jaw. Panting. Falling apart.

“Shit-“ Steve breathed. Could hardly hold back.

It felt overwhelmingly good. Billy was *letting go*, thrusts landing hard and sloppy and -

Fucking - *Christ*.

Steve just gaped. Arms shaking. Not coherent enough to talk back. Just wallow in the building pleasure. Keen into it.

Because Billy started working him off. And he surrendered, fucking into Billy's palm until he could feel the coil in his belly building. Building. So tight and heavy, ready to snap.

Harder and harder, building, bracing.

And Steve needed it. Needed it so bad, he couldn't even see straight. Eyes drifting halfway up his skull.

"*Fuck-*" Steve whispered with a grimace. He squeezed his eyes shut, while Billy kept him on the verge of ecstasy. Pleasure tightening in his belly. It felt like he was *suffocating* trying to silence it.

Billy knew. He threw his whole weight into it, stroking Steve's cock so tight that he gasped. Gritting his teeth when Billy sped up. Because the band beneath his navel grew tighter. Hotter. Unbearably *fucking good*, until Steve was tossing his head back with a painfully *silent* cry. Arched his back and came with such a heavy rush, his vision blurred.

Steve tried to be *quiet*. *Couldn't-* “Ohh- *Fuck-*“

He hilted Billy's tight palm, coming so hard, it *hurt*. His back arched, coming some *more*. Coming until the overwhelming cramp bloomed into *pleasure*, and then coming some *more*. All over Billy's bruised knuckles, spurting and dripping down the tile wall.

And Billy piped a *laugh*. Kept *railing* him. Making Steve crumble and twitch and *keen* beneath his fingertips.

Steve let out a ragged gasp, vision blurry. Moaned out, heartily contributing to the blacklight pollock painting on the disgusting, public shower tile. Rutted back into Billy with double-vision. Unraveling, *unraveling*.

And Billy soaked it all in. Gleefully watched Harrington's load roll down the tile, spurt after *spurt*, and Billy felt his own desire twist. Coils wound unbearably tight.

Billy squeezed Steve's cock, milked it some *more*. Squeezed it 'til Steve fought not to *shout* while Billy kept thrusting. Right up against that spot, that goddamn *spot* that kept almost blowing their cover. Because Billy was speeding up again. Grip tightening. Fucking him with a purpose. Gathered him in - so close.

And Steve groaned, so fucking sensitive that he couldn't hold back. “Jesus! *Fuck-*“

Billy grabbed Steve's waist with both hands, rutting him nice and tight. Fucked into him, *loud*. Loud enough for a rosy flush to reach Steve's shoulders, hard enough that Billy was panting again. So deep, that Billy rolled his head back. Nose scrunching, tensing.

Then Steve heard him moan, lavish and loud, like he doesn't care *who* hears him getting laid. And his whole body stiffened, eyelids fluttering. Taut with triumph while he emptied his load inside the bumbling King of Hawkins High.

He grabbed Steve's waist, tight. And Billy groaned with *ecstasy*, throaty and dangerous. Steve felt Billy's body tense. His hips jerk. Balls deep and trying to get *deeper*.

And he stayed that way, panting loudly against Steve's neck. Snarled and thrust again, stuffing Harrington to the brim. Filled him so good, that Steve started moaning idly. Just quiet enough that the shower spray drowned him out.

He melted into Billy's touch. Sex-drunk and exhausted, lips parting at the warmth that bloomed inside him. Gasped when Billy pulled back, *thrust*ed back inside. Just to watch his own cum spurt down Steve's legs.

"*Christ, man-*" Steve breathed.

Billy slowed to a stop, took a ragged breath. And when they came down from their high, Billy exhaled a drawn-out sigh. Relaxed

against Steve's back.

He slapped Steve's ass, made it bloom bright red. Then pulled out without a word, leaving Steve to slump against the wall.

Steve turned around to face Billy with a ruined smile. Lips red, body flush with rosy splotches. He smiled. Stepped into the spray to slick his hair back, then held a beat. Laughed. "*Baby*, huh?"

Billy laughed. He stepped right in with him. Put his hands on Steve's waist, gave him an open-mouthed kiss right beneath the water. Licked into his mouth like he owned it.

"Just. Trying to be subtle."

"Yeah?" Steve smiled, "Real *subtle*."

And Steve lapped back, exhausted and hazy in the heat. Bodies gliding against one another beneath the warm water. He melted into Billy's touch. Drowsy. Wanted to take him home, do it again. Take a nap, *do it again*.

He kissed Billy like he was drunk. High on desire, wallowing in their aftermath. Pressing harder while Billy pushed, opening his mouth wider. Steve moaned idly into Billy's mouth, relishing in the warmth, the scratch of Billy's stubble. The hot water that rolled over their tongues.

And Billy shouldered him into the wall. Got up all nice and close and spat into his palm. Started stroking Steve's cock, again.

"Mmh..." Steve complained, brown screwing 'cause - *fuck*. Droplets rolled off his lashes when he glanced down.

And Billy watched him with some kind of wonder. Because, yeah, Steve's just blown a bucketload and was *still* a little hard.

Billy smiled real big and licked his pearly chops like he wanted to devour him whole. "*King Steve*." He teased.

"Mmh..." Steve met his gaze. "Man, will you stop with that shit..." He pressed into Billy's palm. Let Billy stroke him off. Gazed at him through heavy lids, all fucked out and *still* bowing into Billy's touch.

And then Steve was kissing Billy's jaw, his neck. Making Hargrove *hum*. He ran his palms up Billy's warm skin, settling on the dip of his waist. And figured it was a good time -

"Hey." Steve said.

"Mmm." Billy acknowledged.

"Listen, you call me princess, or - *whatever* - all you want." Steve said.

Billy smirked. “Good, cause-“

“But you gotta stop calling Henderson *Dunderson*, alright?”

Billy pulled back, lips parting.

“He’s just a kid, and he’s-“ Steve shrugged, “You know, *sensitive* about that kind of stuff.”

Billy looked at him. Expression unreadable.

“And he’s a good kid...” Steve said, “You should - Give him a chance.”

Then Billy broke into a grin - a sour grimace. “Give him a *chance*?”

“Listen, if we’re gonna keep doing shit like this, you need to start showing the kids a little respect too.”

Billy propped his arm against the wall, “The little shits *can't stand* me, Harrington.”

“Well.” Steve paused for a second. Scrunched his brows, but didn’t

look away. “They may be - little shits, yeah - but they’re my friends, too. Alright?”

Steve expected Billy to laugh. He didn’t. He just smiled, shook his head.

“Whatever, pretty boy.” He rumbled, “Alright. Get those fuckin’ Bambi eyes out of my face.”

Steve exhaled a laugh. “I don’t have *Bambi eyes*.”

“Save it, princess.” Billy leaned in.

“*Asshole*.” Steve smiled. Went right back to kissing him. Kissing his neck. Licking, biting. Shower spray rolled down Billy’s shoulders, off Steve’s tongue.

“So you’ll try?” Steve hummed.

“Yeah.” Billy rumbled. Leaned into Steve’s touch.

Billy sighed into the crisp air. Adam’s apple dipping with a moan, let Steve keep sucking. Nothing like going back to work with some fresh bruises -

Back to work.

Shit.

Billy pulled back and Steve hummed. Blinked the water out of his eyes, looking at Billy through wet lashes and flushed lips. Skin flushed, thoroughly *worked up* all over again.

Billy grabbed Steve's wrist. Pulled back, and turned the shower off with a menacing smile.

"Wh-" Steve breathed.

"Break's over." Billy *announced*.

Steve blinked. Had fifteen minutes really gone by already?

Billy gave Steve's shoulder a slap. Made sure Steve was looking at him before bending over to pick up his swim trunks. And yeah - *Steve was looking*.

"Hey- Hey- Wait." Steve said, "Billy."

Billy kept his back to Steve. Carelessly pulled up his trunks - acted like it was a burden to fit them over his ass. And with the soaking

wet fabric - it really *was*. He faced Steve while he zipped them up.
“What.”

Steve exhaled. Reached out and glided his palm down Billy's arm..
“Can't you just- get someone to cover for your next shift?”

“Steve..” Billy smirked. Lips pulled thin when Steve started twirling a finger through his blonde curls.

“Listen, *we can just* - Chill out the parking lot. Have a smoke in my car, listen to my new tape...”

Billy cocked his head.

“Motley Crüe just released Theatre of Pain.” Steve added. “And...”
Steve pressed his fingers to Billy's chest, “*you* still owe me a blow.”

“I don't owe you *shit*.” Billy scoffed.

“Don't be like that, *baby*.” Steve crossed his arms. Smirked a little, at the way Billy's eyes widened. “I know you'll be back for more.”

“*Harrington*, my shift starts in *two minutes*.” Billy took a step back when he realized how close he'd been sucked in.

Defeated, Steve lunged over and snatched his shorts up.

“But don’t think I forgot about tonight.” Billy said. “Gonna have your place all to ourselves. That right?”

Steve nodded. “I- yeah. Yeah, parents are gone. So.”

Billy grinned. “Good.”

He was going to leave - he was. But he had to pause, had to watch Steve step into his swim-shorts. They were so fucking short, Billy had no idea how Steve was gonna fit that monster away.

By his hesitation, Steve had realized the same thing.

“Oh, and Harrington?”

“*What*, man.” Steve drawled. Looked over at him like he knew what was coming - Knew it by the dirty smile on Billy’s face - the way he trapped his tongue between his teeth.

Billy gestured at Steve’s heavy cock with a tip of his chin. “Might wanna - *work that out* - before you come back to the pool. Public indecency is a... A big strike around here. Can get you into some serious trouble, so.”

“That so?”

“Yeah.” Billy affirmed. Grinned like thought it was hilarious - like he’d won. He turned to leave, but Steve was quicker. Mumbled an offhand, “*Fine.*” And shucked down his trunks and spat into his palm, started stroking himself off.

Steve’s flat expression turned bold when he turned to see Billy - Still there. Just watching.

So he stroked off harder - brows scrunching. Fucked the makeshift hole, hilted his palm with thorough slaps.

“Jesus,” Billy huffed. Kept *looking*, lips slightly parted, and -

“Don’t you have somewhere to be?” Steve prompted. Gave a cheeky smile.

Billy sighed. Then he reached over.

Turned the shower back on.

Author's Note:

Thank you so much for reading!!

If you liked it and would like to see more from me,
please leave kudos and/or a comment!
I read all of them, and greatly appreciate it!

SaberGhatz